



VOLUME XLVIII NO 4
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The Harvest

A NEW DIRECTION FOR STE. ANNES...



Last week saw the unveiling of a spectacular plan to renovate the downtown area of Ste. Anne de Bellevue. Peirino Marella, Claudette Savaria, Bernard Viger, Celine Gelinas and Neil Stapensea were among the groups of landscape architects that devised a new direction for this West Island village.

"Ste. Anne's is cornered to the end of the island by the college, by the 2 + 20, and by the railway," according to Claudette Savaria, who revealed this in a rare interview yesterday. She went on to say that Montreal as an island has so much waterfront area, and yet very little of it is used by the public. Most of the waterfront is used by business, industry, or the rich, says Peirino

Marella, a young leftist rabble rouser. Therefore, it seems there is an obvious need for public access to waterfront areas on the island of Montreal.

The concept that this group presented is based on opening up the waterfront to the public. Presently, all the buildings have their backs turned to the waterfront. People passing in boats think that Ste. Anne's consists of parking lots and sheds. And for the people driving through Ste. Anne's, the waterfront may just as well be a million miles away.

The first step in this bold new concept is to remove parking along the waterfront, and to remove old sheds. The next step would be to renovate

old buildings with large windows, large balconies, and terraces over-looking the water. Some of the really old, worn-down buildings may have to be torn down.

Then, as the culminating step in the plan, diagram 1 will go into effect. Ste. Anne's street will be closed to traffic in the summertime. The cars will go up Maple, and along a widened Brown Street. The underpass at the station will be enlarged in order to allow traffic to pass straight under.

The accompanying photos show Ste. Anne's from the river. This is the area that will be made to look like diagram 2...If the students from C-142 get their way.

Martin Silverstone



PIERREFONDS JAC STUDENT—RAPE VICTIM

A serious Problem has developed for commuting students to the Mac and Jac campus Two weeks ago, two teenage girls were forced into a car at knife-point, or were hitch hiking, or were given a ride by a familiar face—whichever version is the correct one the result was a stabbing murder, and attempted rape for the other girl who survived the ordeal. The stabbed victim was dumped into the back seat and left to die of her wounds; dogs have died better deaths. Meanwhile the other victim was taken to a wooded area, and nearly raped after having seen her friend raped and stabbed to death.

How the poor girl managed to resist to the rapist under such conditions is quite extraordinary. The following day, the body was discovered, stunning and revolting those who heard of it. Rumours immediately spread as to what had really happened. The only people who knew were the surviving girl, and the murderer himself.

Now, hitch-hikers who once abounded in front of Fairview have become pretty scarce. I can't blame them. Most people say "well why don't they take the bus to where they're going?". Obviously, these people have never tried that on the West Island. From the Dollard, Roxboro to Pierrefonds Ouest area, it is all but impossible to get to Fairview centre for an 8:00 o'clock transfer to the John Abbott bus to make it to an 8:30 or 9:00 o'clock class. I've stopped trying a year ago.

Personally, I remember times in 1972 to 1973 when barely adequate busing service was provided from home to college for a total of 40 cents. Nowadays, a completely unreliable service may provide transportation for 95 cents with a student pass, or \$1.15 without it. This may get you to Fairview either way, but then coming home, you'll be lucky to get your transfer bus. So what came more easily? Hitch-hiking naturally.

I'm not holding the Trans Urbain bus line responsible for the murder, but let's not absolve them either of inadequate transportation. Neither to be absolved are the so-called disserved municipalities who keep postponing action,

hoping that the problem will go away. After an ultimatum from the Trans-Urbain bus line, the municipalities twisted their arms to raise the necessary funds for a very much cut-back bus system.

Municipalities such as those of the West Island are quite able to find a decent transportation system. What West Island residents are forced to endure is a farce. Cancerous buses, rattling so badly that conversation becomes impossible. Trying to fill bus routes calling to the best rally driver, is not my idea of a busing system.

Who do you turn to? Well, what has happened is that car sales on the West Island along with the subsequent car-related tragedies have been steadily increasing. The populations of the towns have doubled many times during the past 15 years and are still sharply increasing. Would it be forever so simple to have cities come together on this issue. They have. But it seems that everyone wants the buses to pass by their front doors, every 10 minutes and get on for free without subsidizing the company. Some will argue that they have no use for it, they can drive to their destinations. Maybe congestion on Sources, St. John's and St. Charles roads is what is needed to convince these people to use a bus to get to work or shopping. People downtown do it every day.

A necessary budget needs to be worked out even if for the same buses. BUT, provide more than one bus for back-up and do some maintenance on the present buses. Most of all, bus routes need to be simplified to major arteries; the service could also be increased to twice hourly. But it seems that governing West Island councils are unable to do this. Then may I suggest outside help on the matter from other companies and cities who have already worked out the problem? Isn't it worth thinking about?

Lastly, I would like to extend condolences to the parents and friends of the slain girl. But I can't help thinking: will many more tragedies have to occur before something is finally done?

Pierre Beauchamp

inside

FEES

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opinions

Dear Dr. Blackwood,

On behalf of the Student's Society, we are forwarding an alternate proposal for the utilization and landscaping of the Agronomy field. Attached you will find a sketch of the site plan which includes a new playing field and Oval.

The reason for this alternate proposal is as follows: as stated in Mr. Ellyett's letter to Dr. Steppler (dated Nov. 1, 1976), Macdonald College will desperately need a new playing field as a result of the Campus shift. It is our strong opinion that the Agronomy field offers the most suitable site for satisfying Campus needs as well as maintaining Macdonald tradition.

As you can see, this proposal fits in very well with the existing plan. It simply means a shift of the Oval towards the Centennial Centre, with the addition of a playing field in an existing open space. This does not drastically alter the basic landscape, thereby maintaining ambience on the site and vista to the lake.

There are also a number of advantages to the proposal. It centralizes more of the Macdonald Campus by locating a recreation area amidst the residential area on a site with good natural drainage and nearby parking lot. At the same time it leaves room for future expansion of Campus facilities.

The re-positioning of the Oval not only makes it more directly accessible from all buildings but brings together all features of the Campus: the new Agriculture building leading directly onto the Oval; Laird Hall, the main Campus residence; Centennial Centre, the main Campus activity centre; vista to the lake and the playing field.

We feel that this proposal facilitates our plans for expanding use of the Centennial Centre. With the relocation of services such as the Post Office, Cashier's Office, Athletics, Manpower etc., the Centennial Centre will become more of a focal point for the Campus activity, easily accessible from the rest of the Campus.

In conclusion, this proposal fulfills our objectives of providing a functional centralized Campus for Macdonald staff and students while maintaining its traditional green spaces and ambience. We hope this letter adequately explains details of the proposal and the needs and feeling of Macdonald students on this matter.

Thank you for your kind consideration.

Yours very truly,
Neil Stapensea,
President, Students' Council

Danny Bellefontaine,
Int. Vice-President,
Students' Council.

Editor:

To put it mildly, I was rather upset with your editorial concerning Student Council Honoraria in the last issue of the Harvest - Many of your statements were wrong.

Last year, while Internal Vice-President of Student's Council, I introduced a motion to give the 4 members of the executive and the C.C. Chairman an honorarium. It was to be divided into 2 equal payments, one per term. To receive the honorarium the candidate would have to submit a report each term, before Jan. 31 and May 31, and receive a majority vote of confidence from the other members of the Executive, a type of peer evaluation.

We all know that when working in a small group it does not take long to determine who is, and who is not doing their job. The Student's Council Executive is no exception. If one member doesn't do his job, the other members are the first to find out. Certainly, if you have done someone else's work for 4 months, you won't vote them a \$100 HONORARIUM.

I made the submission of a report mandatory, simply for the good of the Student's Society. Last year, my job would have been much easier if reports from previous years had been available. Unfortunately, few existed for Student council, Fall Royal, and the carnival positions, but now under the conditions of the honorarium, they will exist.

When the motion for an Honorarium was moved before a special joint meeting of the 75-76 and 76-77 council, they felt \$100 was an adequate sum per term.

After the original motion was passed, a second motion was moved and passed to make last year's Executive and C.C. Chairman eligible for the second term honorarium, instead of just taking effect in 76-77.

I abstained from voting on this motion.

Why did I feel this was a good motion, and why do I still feel the same way? Certainly it amounted to voting ourselves a salary, and that is not an ideal situation,

but we were the only ones who could do it.

No-one in his right mind would do the job for the money - it amounts to much less than \$1.00 per hour. You do it because you want to. You enjoy it, and have a genuine concern for the student affairs at MAC.

The Executive and C.C. Chairman do put in lot of time, and frequently their own money in working for, and supporting the Student Society.

I felt that in a small way, this was a way of insuring proper reports were written, it would help attract the best possible people to the job, making them feel more responsible, and also in a small way to say thank-you, something that is seldom heard in the jobs of that sort. Ask Grant MacLean, last years' President, how many people said thank-you for the hundreds of hours spent, or how many of us thanked Paul Thomassin for a successful Fall Royal or Peter Knox for many years of work in the Bar Disco.

Think about that the next time you are in the C.C.

These people are certainly worth that small amount of money -- a total yearly expenditure of \$1000 for people who make the major decisions in a Student Society with total assets of over \$2 million. This honorarium should come as no surprise to anyone. Last year, Neil Stapensea, (75-76 C.C. Chairman) and myself wrote an article in the Harvest concerning the honorarium, and we received comments from only two people, one for, and one against. The motion I presented was also printed in its entirety in the Mouthpiece.

So this should not be news to anyone who read the Harvest or the Mouthpiece last year. I will be surprised if you receive more than two letters on this subject, (the other one will probably be from Neil.)

Bob McClelland
U-3 Gen. Agr.

It was never stated from where the money was to come. ED.

EDITORIAL

GUEST EDITORIAL
Lisa

Being the end of the semester, with papers behind me, on top of me, on my bed and in my fridge, I find it difficult, at this time, to concentrate on any one issue. In spite of the many relevant and editorialable topics at hand: frequent rapings, Student budgets, U-3 beer bash, the degeneration of a once upstanding paper (thank-you

wildlifery), my mind refuses to compose one more clear, concise, coherent and credible sentence. Enough!

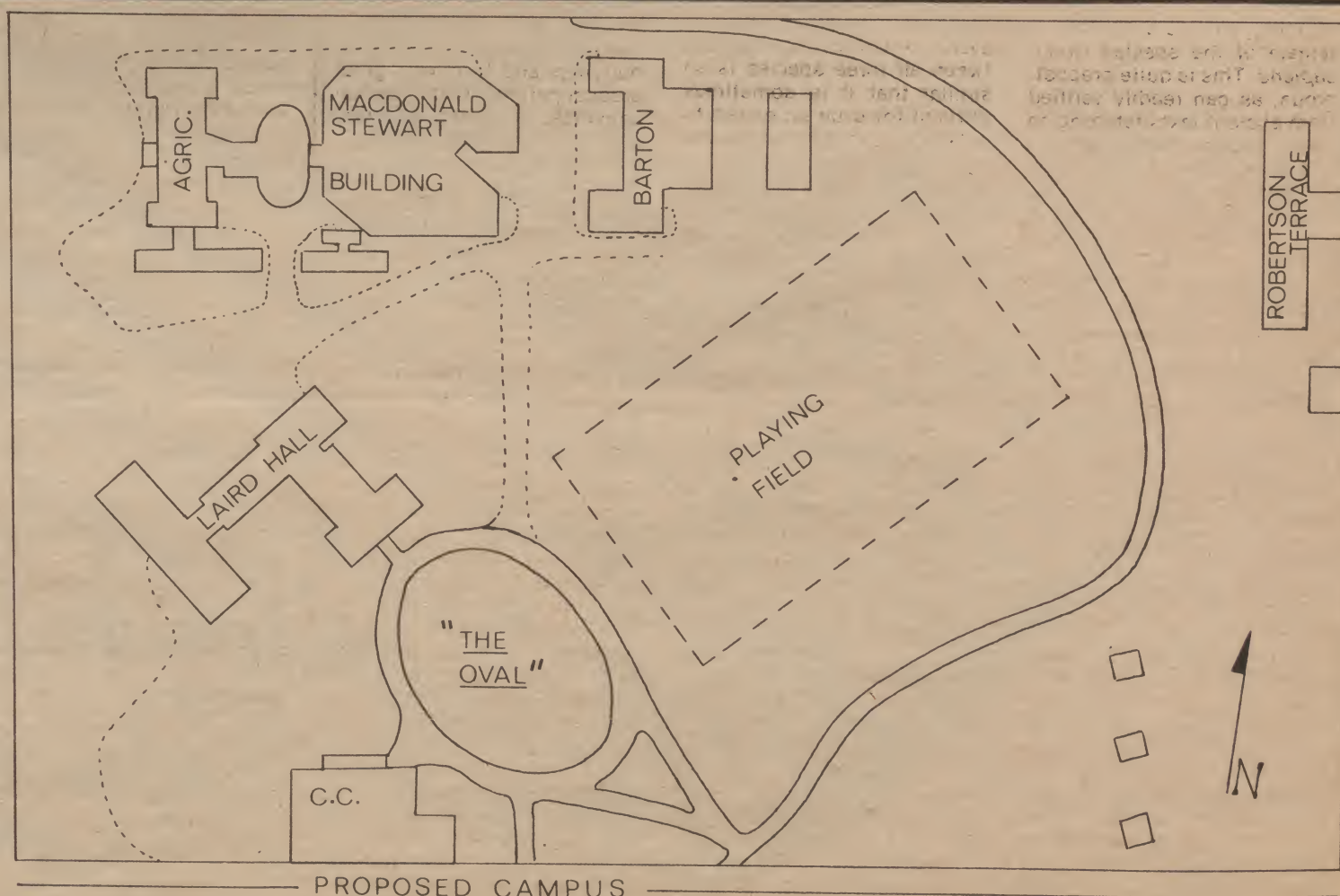
Even though the papers are done, exams and more exams loom ahead. Between running to the Bookstore to replenish my supply of HB pencils and cramming books into my head and peanut butter sandwiches into my mouth, not much time is left for contemplating the serious events in our everyday life.

On the other hand, if I project myself into the future, say in two weeks or so, my mind will be full of ideas. It has been snowing steadily for a few days now. If it continues, skiing conditions will be fantastic for a week-end up North - even if the snow melts a week-end up North sounds pretty good.

In two weeks we'll have two weeks to do as we please. Yahoo Party Time, or for the studious type, two weeks for browsing in the library and

planning with relish, future papers.

I myself am looking forward --far ahead forward to the Christmas break. While I am frantically transferring the bullshit from the barn to my exam essays and breaking my pencils on purpose just to be able to glance at the answer sheet of "Miss Brain" on the my way to the sharpener, I'll be thinking "In two weeks in two more weeks, I'll be freed from the chains that bind me to this 'high' institute of learning(?)"



OH, BY GOSHAWK BY GULLY, STARLING THE STUDENTS OF 375-420A OR; ORNITHOLOGY CLASS GOES BIRDWATCHING

The students of Dr. Rodger "Duck" Titmouse were taken on an ornithology outing last week and this is an attempt at describing the trip. Mike Gillingham, the Red Headed Word-Picker, wasn't too swift so early, as shown by his horrible puns. First stop was Beauharnois, where we observed thousands of gulls in sub-zero weather. Those people who wore their grebes had warm enough feet, but a few people didn't have warm boots and they turned into blue-footed boobies.

Things took a tern for the better when we decided to search out some owls, and a darn good thing too because along the highway we saw skylarks, roadrunners, sky-hawks, and a pair o'green falcons. We came to some train tracks, so we all got out to observe the rails.

When we got to the Cote Vertu woods we started shaking and inspecting the cedar trees hoping to flush an owl, but we only flushed a young female birdwatcher with a pair of great tits. She told us all she had seen was a hairy woodpecker with a gross beak. Anyway, we had to

accipiter as she was and so we went along our way.

Monica let out a shriek when we found a garter snake on a mound of earth, it must have had a heron problem because it only noticed us when we were close.

For some reason Phil kept wanting to see Swamp sparrows, he asked Martin if he had ever heard a tree swallow, and Martin said he didn't know they could.

Widgeon you know it was eider George or Andy that wanted to get the flock out there, so we decided a little football game would be fun, but no one could throw any nice sparrows, we could only throw warblers because we had such cold hands. By the time we got back to the van, we were all puffin, so we headed home after a falcon good time.

As we neared the campus, Dr. Titmouse pointed out the huge crane at the Agriculture Building. He also told us we were fair bird-watchers but terrible word-botchers. We all had to agrhea with that.

Blue Birdie



CARIBBEAN NIGHT: ITES!



WITH TONGUE IN BEAK

Present-day usage of the word "bird" has led the ordinary layman to the extraordinary belief that this terminology relates solely to the female of the species *Homosapiens*. This is quite preposterous, as can readily be verified from ancient texts referring to "He's a queer bird", etc. In observing avian species in the vicinity of Ste. Anne de Bellevue, both male and female members of the family *Homosapienidae* (Common human) have been seen in large flocks in a colonial association with *Columba livia*, the Rock Dove or Domestic Pigeon. The latter species roosts at the top and the former at the base (or enter cavities at the base of brick structures in this area. Time of day and weather have been observed to greatly affect the roosting practices of the Common Human as these birds do not enter cavities as willingly on warm, sunny days.

The *Homosapienidae* family can be broken down into two main sub-families in this region, the *collegidae* and the *Schoolidae*. The *Collegidae* sub-family consists of two species, *Collegidus Macdonaldii*, Greater College Mob, and *Collegidus Johnabbottus*, Lesser College Mob. These species exhibit very slight variations and can frequently be seen to inter-relate. They

often rest, feed or flock together. *Schoolax Macdonaldii*, of the *Schoolidae* sub-family, rarely intermingles with *Collegidus* species; however, immature plumage between all three species is so similar that it is sometimes difficult for even an expert to tell them apart and individuals must be identified by habitat preference. Adult plumage is also difficult to distinguish as it is extremely variable. Winter plumage of both Adults and Immatures consists of extensive down or other covering on the head and throat and on the dorsal and ventral regions. During spring moult, most of this is shed and Immatures appear in blue jean plumage. After the 1st or sometimes 2nd Prenuptial Moult, there is a gradual change in appearance and the Immature assumes the colour variations of the Adult *Schoolax* or *Collegidus*.

Common Humans of the *Collegidae* species exhibit four different kinds of flight: Gliding (most of the time), flapping (late for class), soaring (end of exams) and hovering (noticeable in adults when assignments are due.) Their song is very variable and not at all territorial. Recognition calls are made frequently and, in large groups, calling increases in volume and complexity so that whole groups will twitter away for hours.

Close association with Rock Doves has had a demoralizing effect on Common Humans. Pigeons are known to leave a large number of messy droppings around buildings and to have a great preoccupation with sexual activities. It could be said, with a slight risk of being accused of avian-omorphism, that this behaviour has been "learned" or "mimicked" by the Common Humans in this colony. Courtship rituals bear a strong resemblance in these species - shyness, coyness, "playing hard to get" on the part of the female, strutting and aggressiveness by the male, as well as mutual pecking and preening displays. However, once a pair bond has been firmly established, Common Humans will not rely on ledges but will retire to a secluded area outside of the colony to cement their relationship.

Mystery surrounds the breeding and evening roosting areas of the *Collegidae* and *Schoolidae*. Ste. Anne de Bellevue appears to be a feeding and daytime resting colony only. By nightfall, all but a few of these rare birds will have dispersed to as yet unknown locations and only the Pigeons will remain. Greater study of this intriguing avian family is obviously required.

IT was revelry, relaxation, joy, happiness, ites!!, you find the word and it was there, when the Flipside Band and the Mellotone Steel Band played in the C.C. ballroom for the Caribbean Fall Dance. Sure, the rum punch was finished in record time, the glasses were in short supply, there was an over-zealous acoustic mixer, but who cared about that. The mood was electrifying. The crowd danced and danced and kept asking for more. Reggae, "irie ites!!" Calypso, "it bad man!!" Funk, "irie!!" Jumpup, "it dread." To say it bluntly "Di nite did jus dread!!"

Too bad that 2 a.m. came so quickly and it all had to end.

The Caribbean Students Association extends their thanks and appreciation to all those who worked so hard to make the dance such an overwhelming success. Special mention must be made of the Centennial Center committee, the bar disco, and the Harvest staff for their help, assistance and cooperation. It would not be fair not to add our thanks to all the people who came and enjoyed themselves. This is what made the night so memorable. The bands enjoyed having you. They'll be back. ites!!

O.D.

The Harvest would like to heartily thank Lisa and Sue for all the time they have ~~wasted~~ devoted to this paper, when they could have been at the Bar instead.

THE HARVEST

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"All the muff
that's fit to print"

Whew! This column is becoming tougher and tougher to write. Why just last week I was Roughed up by two girls from Food Science for exposing some of the goings on up on third floor main. But I refuse to be intimidated. I suspect that Dr. Idziak is behind all of this (I swear he looks like a chartered accountant and not a professor). It seems he's even been intimidating some of his own students into working right through the Christmas holidays and not even taking time off for a break. (What a slave driver).

Speaking of slaves, it seems that Elaine has finally kicked the habit and quit smoking. Or is this just another tall tale, Elaine? Remember girls, the Bar is in the basement of the C.C. and is open every weekend. No excuses for poor attendance will be accepted. And remember Marc we know about the job you pulled down at Place Bonaventure, so watch your step, honey.

MEADOW MUFFINS

It seems a certain biochemistry professor, who I'm sure wishes to remain anonymous (Dr. Hueckel), lost his swim trunks one night while swimming at Stewart pool. Unfortunately, no one there appreciated the good doctor's antics, despite his fine physical form. Maybe he should wear swim trunks that are less revealing.

Professor Coulman of the Agronomy Department (clearly the most respected faculty) has won this year's "Rookie Professor of the Year" award. Despite a somewhat slow start, his performance has steadily increased during the latter half of the season (although he almost lost it by taking a late season haircut). The award includes 4 fruit flies (*Drosophila melanogaster*), a pat on the back by department chairman Stepler, a half ounce of red canary grass and a set of used gaskets from a Honda 350. Dr. Taper finished close behind in second place.

Speaking of used gaskets, the Diploma students are in the news. This year's crop of Dips are especially raunchy and degenerate and are a disgrace to the entire campus. (Led by S.B. and senior Dip K.B.) We are presently nego-

tiating an exchange with John Abbott College whereby all the Dips would be given to J.A.C. in exchange for a rusty garbage can and a box of coloured chalk.

Who says nothing ever happens Friday night at the Mac Lounge? Why just last week we were sitting in a dark corner mellowing out over some drinks when suddenly the strains of a West Indian Steel band reached our ears. Curious, we proceeded towards the music and soon found ourselves enveloped by "da beat dat moves da feet." Bob Marley and the Wailers were burning out of every speaker and everybody who knows reggae realizes that the only thing you can do when you feel the mood is to grab a joint and grab a girl and dance your pants off. And that's just what happened. There we were, 15 ecstatic people dancing our pants off to Bob Marley until the wee hours of the morning. And for some it didn't stop then. Many thanks to Colin (I think that's his name) for the groovy stereo and the hot tunes. Next meeting of the Macdonald College Reggae Fanatics is Dec. 17 (for a certain someone special).

Same time, same place, same feeling. See ya dere, man.

C.M.

ANGELS

ON A PIN

Some time ago, I received a call from a colleague who asked if I would be the referee on the grading of an examination question. He was about to give a student a zero for his answer to a physics question, while the student claimed he should receive a perfect score and would if the system were not set up against the student. The instructor and the student agreed to submit this to an impartial arbiter, and I was selected.

I went to my colleague's office and read the examination question: "Show how it is possible to determine the height of a tall building with the aid of a barometer."

The student had answered: "Take the barometer to the top of the building, attach a long rope to it, lower the barometer to the street, and then bring it up, measuring the length of the rope. The length of the rope is the height of the building."

I pointed out that the student really had a strong case for full credit, since he had answered the question completely and correctly. On the other hand, if full credit were given, it could well contribute to a high grade for the student in his physics course. A high grade is supposed to certify competence in physics, but the answer did not confirm this. I suggested that the student have another try at answering the question. I was not surprised that colleague agreed, but I was surprised that the student did.

I gave the student six minutes to answer to the question, with the warning that his answer should show some knowledge of physics. At the end of five minutes, he had not written anything. I asked if he wished to give up, but he said no. He had many answers to this problem; he was just thinking of the best one. I excused myself for interrupting him, and asked him to please go on. In the next minute, he dashed off his answer which read:

"Take the barometer to the top of the building and lean over the edge of the roof. Drop the barometer, timing its fall with a stopwatch. Then using the formula $S = \frac{1}{2}at^2$, calculate the height of the building."

At this point, I asked my colleague if he would give up. He conceded, and I gave the student almost full credit.

In leaving my colleague's office, I recalled that the student had said that he had other answers to the problem, so I asked him what they were. "Oh, yes," said the

student. "There are many ways of getting the height of a tall building with the aid of a barometer. For example, you could take the barometer out on a sunny day and measure the height of the barometer, the length of its shadow, and the length of the shadow of the building, and by the use of a simple proportion, determine the height of the building."

"Fine," I said. "And the others?"

"Yes," said the student.

"There is a very basic measurement method that you will like. In this method, you take the barometer and begin to walk up the stairs. As you climb the stairs, you mark off the length of the barometer along the wall. You then count the number of marks, and this will give you the height of the building in barometer units. A very direct method."

"Of course, if you want a more sophisticated method, you can tie the barometer to the end of a string, swing it as a pendulum, and determine the value of 'g' at the street level and at the top of the building can, in principle, be calculated."

Finally he concluded, there are many other ways of solving the problem. "Probably the best," he said, "is to take the barometer to the basement and knock on the superintendent's door. When the superintendent answers, you speak to him as follows: 'Mr. Superintendent, here I have a fine barometer. If you will tell me the height of this building, I will give you this barometer.'"

At this point, I asked the student if he really did not know the conventional answer to the question. He admitted that he did, but said that he was fed up with high school and college instructors trying to teach him how to think, to use the "scientific method," and to explore the deep inner logic of the subject in a pedantic way, as is often done in the new mathematics, rather than teaching him the structure of the subject. With this in mind, he decided to revive scholasticism as an academic lark to challenge the Sputnik-panicked classrooms of America.

★
MERRY ★
CHRIST ★
MAS
★

CELA ...

*Cela was a good dog
Always running strong
Cela was a good dog
But now he's dead and gone
He was all I had
And now he's dead and gone*

It is with a heavy heart that I write these lines about Cela, who was killed accidentally last Wednesday December 1. I'm sure we can all remember the way he would chase cars and cut them off. We all said he'd get it someday if he wasn't careful, and now he's gone. The most faithful fan at the rugby games, practices, hockey games, broomball. That dog had a character and that's for sure. Since the first day on campus, he could be seen tearing across the sacred Oval, stretched out in long running strides, really, quite a runner. He loved just running, and showed it too. He was a strong dog and pleasing to see streaking around the campus. I'd just like to add he'll be remembered and sadly missed by all of us, and particularly the Class of '77.

By Bill Brodie

A SIMPLE ODE TO MARTIN AND HIS DOG

*Everyone has a friend
With whom to borrow or lend
But the best friend of all
Is your mutt.*

*Its loyalty can't be compared
Its affection wholly shared
Whether you're ridin' high
Or deep in a rut.*

*Big, small, black or brown,
Acting the hunter or playing the clown
It's a simple life
Led by your mutt.*

*On that fateful day
When the Lord takes it away
Let its love stay
In your heart tightly shut.*

By David M. Bird



Itsy-bitsy bite size bikini



These "daring drawers" are edible but must be licked well before chewing.



Model shows "candypants" and 'cupcakes'.

If someone says to you that you can "eat their shorts", well, they just might be serious. You see, the latest in fashionable undies has been invented. Edible panties of course.

Candy pants are a recent addition to the Canadian market, and according to one agent, they are "a fun item to take to a party or a conversation piece with a hint of naughty innocence."

The semi-transparent, edible underwear have a plastic appearance and texture. They are worn like a diaper, fastened by licorice tie strings running through the front and back so that "one size fits all". Of course, the pants can only be used once and cannot be cleaned. Cleaning them, according to instructions is like "putting a donut in a washing machine". The best attention you can give them is to eat them. "They Love It", the instructions say.

Formed from methyl cellulose, natural and artificial flavour and colour and saccharin. Which is great news for dieters, with only 6.4

calories per panty. Instructions say that the pants must be licked well before chewing whereupon they will soften. Solitary dining is not recommended. You'll need a guest.

Peanut butter freaks should love them, they stick to the roof of your mouth.

The idea was conceived in 1972 by American Dave Sanderson, but sales did not start until January 1976. Americans have been eating them up to the tune of 50,000 pairs a month.

Canadians are not yet quite sure how to receive this new snack food. Many people consider them "dirty", but they are not really pornographic. If a girl can wear a bikini, what is wrong with wearing a bikini made out of candy. It gives you a little bit more appetite.

The pants can presently be purchased only through the mail (Cosmorotics Inc. Chicago, Ill. 60610, U.S.A.). They cost \$5.95 each with a \$1.00 handling charge. They come in three tempting flavours: hot chocolate, banana split, and wild cherry.

The biggest customers are presently those between 20-30 years old. Older folks are also very interested in them. 90 per cent of the orders are being placed by women, who seem to be less inhibited.

Future plans include a special heart-shaped package, a party pack containing several pants, plus an edible brassiere called a "cupcake". Christmas will undoubtedly increase sales tremendously as people discover "that perfect gift."

If perhaps edible panties are a little too kinky for you and you'd prefer a more wholesome filling meal, well despair not, for here is a recipe perfected for the tastes of a Brittain or Stewart Hall resident.

Potted Pigeons

If you can catch them, take:

1/2 dozen pigeons (college size)
2 tbsp. butter
1 tbsp. flour
2 tsp. kitchen bouquet
1 tsp. salt
1 pint stock or water
1 bay leaf

1 good-sized onion
1 tsp. chopped parsley
1/2 tsp. pepper

Here's what to do:

Singe, draw and wipe the pigeons with a damp cloth, then truss them into shape. Put them into a baking pan, rub the breast with butter and run them into a quick oven (400-450°) to brown, while you make the sauce. Rub the butter and flour together, add stock, stir until boiling and add all the seasonings and kitchen bouquet. Arrange pigeons in sauce pan, pour over the sauce, bring to boil and then push to back part of stove or put them into oven and cook slowly for one and a half hours.

When done, remove the trussing strings, arrange pigeons down the centre of a meat platter and strain over the sauce. Serve with boiled rice and stewed onions or tomatoes, peas or asparagus tips. For wine, I would recommend a 1964 Barbera D'asti, full bodied, fruity but robust. Two to three gallons should do it. J.D.

BRENDAS' COOKING CORNER

As a special treat to all of you bean fans, BILL'S COOKING CORNER has gladly given up it's regular slot to allow us to bring you this featured article, nameley BRENDA'S COOKING CORNER. Here goes:

THREE BEAN LOAF

Preheat oven to 375

Ingredients;

2 c. cooked garbanzo beans (Chick peas)
2 C. cooked kidney beans
1 C. cooked green beans, chopped
1 C. chopped celery (optional)
1 medium sized onion
1tbsp. soya sauce
1/2 C. very finely chopped pecans
1 tbsp. paprika
1 teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 tbsp oil
3tbsp flour
1 C. tomato sauce (read on)

Combine chick peas and kidney beans in a large bowl and mash with potato masher. Add the rest and mix well. Place in greased 9x9 inch pan. Bake for 1 hour.

Tomato Sauce

Sauté: 1-2 medium onions
1/2 C. oil

Add: 4 large tomatoes or 3 C. stewed
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1 tsp. oregano
1 tsp. paprika
pinch of sugar

Bring to a boil, then simmer for 1 hour. (makes 3 cups of sauce). Serve remaining sauce with Three Bean Loaf.

B.B.

FILMS : BUGSY MALONE

...A musical of all things, and on top of that it's a gangster movie. You say it stars a bunch of kids? ...and ends in a crowd pie-throwing galore? What a drag it must be! ...On the contrary, it's one the year's better efforts and most of the stars are just that.

To make this film, the actors had one special requirement: people over fifteen not admitted. For this, all furniture, cars (oh, cars!) clothes, even stages were reduced to pint size. But instead of looking ridiculous it comes off as a first impression of imitation yielding to an entertaining story.

Unlike most modern movies this film has a story with a

surprising ending but with a definite plot. It probes character studies of many different people having one thing in common which is unveiled in the end. The plot is classical and it is sure to work. Although at first you wonder where you're being taken you just sit back and enjoy the ride.

The star, Bugsy Malone (Scott Baio) in a this and that educated bum, but he has brains and in the end he pulls through. He meets this chick Blowzy who wants to be a singer and movie star. All this romance is cleverly punctuated by machine gun shootings of; custard pies? The one to look out for is Tallulah played superbly by the verstile Jodie Foster. She not only

looks professional but she is too, believe it.

You may look out for flaws in this film and you'll find some. The film may jump a few times. But the quality of the acting makes up for it. Some dancing and solo dancing and solo scenes are really up to par. By the time the film ends the flaws will seem unimportant and hopefully the audience will get the point. In case you don't, remember that you're only as young as you think, so think young when you see the film. You'll realize that death, sex and some natural violence is very much a part of life especially children's.

I'm sure it's an entertaining film and everyone find someone to identify with. Why?

Well we've all been kids: some of us still are at heart and that's what counts. Like someone said walking out of the theatre "they don't make many movies like that anymore." One wonders why people might not go back more often.

Pierre Beauchamp

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Moon Danse, The Epitome of Brilliance

The epitome of brilliance was spread over the road,
to be defecated on, by a homely toad.
And not long after men came in a truck,
who passed some sponges, to pick up this muck!
With sponges full, they went to the vats.
Where they dropped them into boiling fats.
And the ooze from the muck girdled gooey gobs
which were gathered and harvested, in one giant blob.
Then the sun had to shine and the rain had to pour
to harden the mass into rock, once more.
And on the back of the truck they loaded the lump,
to be carried off to the local town dump.
At the dump it was ground to fine dust, silt and sand,
for distribution on the garbage dump land.
"We've done with her now," the men had said,
not knowing, she wasn't yet, quite dead.
And some time after when the moon was bright,
the epitome of brilliance stood up in the night.
And although she couldn't move, she commanded all around,
to wake up, and get to work, to rebuild her sound.
Broken handles of brooms, old fixes and spring,
felt a vigor long lost that made their heart sing;
and so its been said "the brilliance that shone,
gave our junk energy, that lasted till dawn.
And although the night that broken down junk,
gathered little bits, a piece and a hunk,
the epitome of brilliance - a will lit bump.
When the job was done, the bump took form,
And the junk stood by, hoping to be born.
But sadly to say, the brilliance left them to rot
for the monster they created was none other than thought!!

Epilogue

The epitome of brilliance was spread all over the road
Awaiting defecation, by a homely toad!

David Gardiner

★★★★★★★★

Goodbye Forever

If I ever see you there
I won't care,
Because now you're gone
Oh, it's been so long.
Now we both go on our own way
until one day
You'll be there.
But that wouldn't be fair
For you are dead.

On Main Street

Driven into a false reality,
Scag is just another fallacy;
Into the vein and up the arm,
I guess he won't give a darn,
If he lives or dies,
Just as long as he flies,
Three or four times a day,
Diminishing his daily pay.
Gone is he,
The addict.
A habit
He just can't kick.

S.P.

MOLSON'S GOLDEN

beer in hand i sit alone
341 ml 12 oz fl
now only 46 ml so i'll
have to start another
to keep me from feeling
saturday night
a million friends
where the hell are they
out
drinking
dancing
enjoying
me no not me
they're having fun
lights just went out
build another dam
screw those fucking indians
quebec sait faire
have'nt heard that much anymore
think i'll move out
run away from it
chicken they cry
up yours sir
i don't like it here
quebec's a fair
5 cents a ride
when the power works
molson's knows
where it's at
give us a beer
keeps us sane.

Jed

NIVLEK

The present hid the seed
the past had given birth
to a seagull's eye of paradise
wafting in high french air
desultory for the glide
Consecrated souls, invested demons here
we gather
our numbers momented by time
particles, enveloped shards of wasted
tears flight upwards
buried less by
grief of what remains
behind.
Of what will be
to my child's dance of rhyme
and her playmate's pretty laughter,
concerned questions, and tiny thumbs.

Nivlek

deep off in the moist of
morning, springtails butter their bread
gleaning remains from a
silent colourful bash
the night before. Oribatids are
Late risers, but then they pack it in
early too, if out to polish
bruised front heels
from a hard day's sojourn
in and out of quartz
doors, on the watch
for spoils of spore.

--Nivlek

Jamaica reggae king Marley, wife shot

KINGSTON, Jamaica (Reuter) — Bob Marley, Jamaica's international king of reggae music, left hospital during the weekend with his wife Rita after treatment for bullet wounds they received in a shooting incident at their home here last week.

Two others who were wounded in the incident—Marley's road manager Don Taylor and Lewis Griffiths, said to be a member of Marley's group the Wailers—remained in hospital.

A hospital official said Taylor, who is said to have been shot three times in the back,

Montreal Star Dec 9

had undergone surgery.

Marley was hit in the arm but his wife, earlier reported to be more seriously hurt, suffered only minor injuries.

The four were shot as they sat in the kitchen of Marley's pink mansion in Kingston last Friday. Police said a car containing several men drove up to the house and one man jumped out and fired at the group before driving off.

THE HARVEST STAFF (ALL THREE OF US) WISH YOU ALL THE BEST OF LUCK IN ALL YOUR UP AND COMING EXAMS AND ANYTHING ELSE THAT'S UP AND COMING...

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WORDS

STUDENT FEES:

I am writing this article in an attempt to clear up the question of Student Fees' money. I hope that it will provide students with some answers.

The figures presented are as accurate as I could possibly make them to this date, and changes will occur as the year progresses.

Most students are aware that they are paying "a lot" for student fees, and the most common question put to me is, "Where does all the money go?"

Well, this is where it goes;

Each full-time student pays the following Student Fees each year, over and above his or her academic fees, (tuition).

\$70.00 STUDENT SERVICES
\$18.00 STUDENT SOCIETY
\$15.00 CENTENNIAL CENTRE
\$2.00 CLASS FEES
\$2.00 A.U.S.

\$1.00 F.S.U.S., or P.G.S.S.

This is where that money goes;

1) STUDENT SERVICES:

The money collected for student services goes downtown to McGill. This years' proposed budget is as follows:

BUDGETED EXPENDITURES:

| | |
|--|----------|
| 1) Student Placement Office - Building | \$3,200 |
| - Grant | \$ 700 |
| | \$3,900 |
| 2) Athletics | |
| - Programs | \$61,535 |
| Rinks | \$45,530 |
| - Pools and Gyms | \$14,530 |
| 3) Centennial Centre Subsidy | \$16,970 |
| 4) Student Aid | \$ 6,500 |
| 5) Personal and Vocational Counselling | \$ 5,000 |
| 6) Health Services - operating | \$ 4,000 |
| - student travel allowance | \$ 500 |
| 7) Administrative Services | \$ 1,500 |

TOTAL \$ 159,965

EXPECTED REVENUES

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------|
| 1) Student Fees (70) & Quebec Subsidy | \$ 71,232 |
| 2) Revenue from Rink, Pools | \$ 62,500 |
| 3) Revenue from John Abbott Rentals | \$ 15,500 |

TOTAL \$ 149,232

As a large chunk of this money goes to Athletics, a further breakdown is as follows;

II) ATHLETICS

I) Programs;

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------|
| Materials, supplies and repairs | \$ 2,700.00 |
| Printing, stationary and mailing | \$ 800.00 |
| Winter Carnival | \$ 450.00 |
| Inter Activities | \$ 5,000.00 |
| Travel expenses and car operation | \$ 700.00 |
| Non-teaching salaries | \$ 21,287.00 |
| Auxiliary Teaching | \$ 15,961.00 |
| Lifeguards | \$ 1,575.00 |
| Casuals | \$ 5,000.00 |
| C.O.L.A. | \$ 952.00 |
| Medical attendance, insurance | \$ 1,000.00 |
| Expenses of Games, equipment | \$ 4,050.00 |
| Laundry, telephone, heat and gas | \$ 1,060.00 |

| | |
|--------------------|--------------|
| Insurance | \$ 800.00 |
| B) Arena | |
| Materials, repairs | \$ 20,000.00 |
| Insurance | \$ 380.00 |
| Fuel | \$ 7,635.00 |
| water | \$ 250.00 |
| Labour | \$ 7,265.00 |
| Casuals | \$ 10,000.00 |
| TOTAL | \$ 107,065 |

WHERE YOUR MONEY GOES

The next item is Student Society Fees, which are also sent Downtown, and later sent back to us here. This years' budget is estimated as follows:

III) STUDENT SOCIETY

Budgeted expenditures

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------------|
| 1) Mouthpiece | \$ 467 |
| 2) Orientation | \$ 1081 |
| 3) Fall Royal | \$ 150 (estimate) |
| 4) Harvest | \$ 1612 |
| 5) Photography Dept. | \$ 136 |
| 6) Sadie Hawkins Sock Hop | \$ 120 |
| 7) Eco-Lifestyles | \$ 150 |
| 8) Administrative | \$ 13,000 (est.) |
| 9) Miscellaneous | \$ 6,000 (est.) |

TOTAL \$ 22,716

ESTIMATED EXPECTED REVENUES

| | |
|----------------------|-----------|
| 1) Student Fees | \$ 13,000 |
| 2) Book Shop Profits | \$ 5,000 |
| 3) Investments | \$ 1,100 |
| 4) Vending Machines | \$ 3,000 |
| 5) Student Services | \$ 2,000 |

TOTAL \$ 24,100

The next item is the Centennial Centre, for which I can provide last years' figures;

EXPENDITURES

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------|
| 1) Salaries - Administrative | \$ 15,972 |
| Maintenance | \$ 31,668 |
| 2) Attendants | \$ 2,812 |
| 3) Repairs and Maintenance | \$ 7,735 |
| 4) Misc. Equipment and Expenses | \$ 3,528 |
| 5) General Expense | \$ 1,969 |
| | \$ 63,684 |

REVENUE

| | |
|----------------------------|-----------|
| 1) Student Fees | \$ 16,372 |
| 2) Room Rentals | \$ 14,906 |
| 3) Snack Bar | \$ 7.732 |
| 4) Bar Disco | \$ 21,558 |
| 5) Games Room | \$ 832 |
| 6) Vending Machines | \$ 904 |
| 7) Lockers | \$ 1,143 |
| 8) Income from Investments | \$ 573 |
| | \$ 48,556 |

The class fees are collected by McGill and sent back to the Class Executives - These budgets are not under my control. The same applies for the AUS, FSUS, and PGSS money. Any comments, or other non-violent inquiries are more than welcome.

By Brian Hellyer; Student Council Treasurer.

AFTER THE ORDEAL

How did you find your apartment? By luck? By chance? By knowing so and so?

The housing situation for students is, needless to say, ludicrous!! There is no question that there is a shortage of any housing in Quebec these days; it was an issue in the recent election. The search for a place to live is a long and demanding task, especially if you are new to the area and do not know the right people. Often you have to settle for less than adequate lodgings by a lack of choices.

Surely, there are homes with spare rooms, or apartments or houses being vacated in the New Year, suitable for students, in Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Baie D'Urfe, Senneville, Ile Perrot, Pincourt, and Dorion.

Suppose we organized a market-place for available housing, where a student could choose a place to live, in a simpler, and less arduous way...

After the ordeal of May Macdonald students, the Macdonald Off-Campus Housing Service has been established, and is occupying a cozy bulletin board in the Centennial Centre. We are spreading the word to landlords through various media; they give us the information about the lodgings, we post it for you. Eat it up...

So if you have, or know of a room or apartment, or are looking for room-mates, please give us a call at 457-5784, or stop by the C.C. Desk.

If you need a place to stay during your studies at Macdonald College, stop by and check out the Macdonald Off-Campus Housing Service.

P.S. Much credit and thanks needs to be given to the valiant souls who have helped students find rooms in the past. Thanks Mrs. Vauthier, the Extension Office, the Registrars Office, and Ste. Annes City Hall; your burdens are lifted

P.P.S. Special thanks to Mrs. Brown in the C.C. who has been so kindly volunteered to help us.

M Eacock

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Sports Hotline

Since this is the last column before Christmas I wish Santa to give the following:

To Rod Munroe- A pump so that his balls may never lose air in Mardis Gras.

To Martin Silverstone- A pair of Neil "Strapper" Stapensea's proposed Adidas sneakers with Mac written on the toe and may he jump the highest.

To Gerard Benoit and Andre Mercure- a new P.M.P. Sherwood hockey stick so they can practise their english.

To Bill Ellyett- a lasso so that he can catch and tie up Jim Valerianos before every Clansmen game. (Boy does Jim get excited).

To Charles Cloutier- a new pair of underwear - the ones he was wearing, when Perry (the Eat-um Up, Tear-um Off) Marella tore off his pants in flag football, have not been changed yet as he wears them constantly for good luck.

To Dave Bird- free lessons from his wife Toni on how to hit and play the man.

To Brian Kennedy- a new JOFA helmet so that he may lose his Dave Dunn appearance and look like the hockey player he truly resembles, Mario Trembley.

To Dean Blackwood- a stainless steel knife and fork so that he will not have to eat his 89 cent Kentucky Fried (bouncing) Chicken Special with his fingers at this years Athletic Awards Banquet.

**!!MERRY
CHRISTMAS!!**

CARNIVAL '77??

Due to the increasing accumulation of snow on the ground, we are once again faced with the delights of a Canadian winter. One of the most memorable events will have to be the annual MAC WINTER CARNIVAL.

This year's theme is ... not thought up yet! We are opening it up to the Mac community as a contest, the prize for the winner being two free passes to the events. And what a list of events...

So far, the tentative schedule is;

Mini-orientation - starting January 6th and 7th.
Ski-Day - January 26th.
Woodsmen Beer Bash January 29th.
Livestock Show - January 30th.

CROSS COUNTRY

Unless you've been out of it for the last week, you should know by now that Winter is, has, and will be arriving for the next four months. Along with the cold and snow arises the Nordic art of cross-country skiing. We are blessed with the fortune of having the Morgan Arboretum to ski during the week days, (it's impossible to ski there week-ends due to the hundreds of thousands of skiers) but we need to find a place to ski Saturday and Sunday. It has been suggested that we try to explore Mont Rigaud or join the McGill Outing Club and ski at Shawbridge. Why confine ourselves? Why not explore the East, West, North and South? What this school needs is a group of interesting skiers to go skiing together at different places (day or week-end trips) starting Jan. 8. If you are interested see Michael Arnkvorn (personally) or contact the Athletics Office loc. 324.

Remember--Cross Country Skiing is for all.

CLANSMEN HOCKEY

Clansmen 1 McGill 6

Last Wednesday Night Nov. 24 the bold happy go lucky Macdonald College of McGill University Clansmen took on the powerful, clippy, dirty, decrepid Redmen of McGill.

The Clansmen stepped up on the small McGill ice surface greeted by the roar of two fans and one Jim Valerianos. Coach Bill Ellyett motioned for the team, dressed in their green and whatever other colour you had-away uniforms, to do their usual warm up. So they skated around eyeing the powerful looking Red and White machine of McGill, very nervously until as usual Greg Sloshe

tripped over the blue line. Then the Clansmen seemed to relax a bit and Dan Bellefontaine took his warm up in the stands with some McGill girls who had been playing before us. then the game began and Doug Milne-Smith knew he was in for a long night as the opposing McGill centre broke his stick over Dougie's head, then bit him in the leg but that didn't bother him as much as when he glanced up in the crowd and saw his girlfriend sitting on Jim V's knee.

After a couple of shifts the Clansmen bore down and scored the opening goal. Dave Bird let an Yvon Cournoyer type shot go and caught the lower right hand corner. Im-

mediately, MAC felt they had won the Stanley Cup. All kept on going well until tragedy struck the team. McGill scored 6 straight times. After resorting to Philly style hockey, McGill was able to move in at will and without the steadfast goal tending of Greg the Swamp Muise, MAC would have been blown out of the rink.

It was only 3-1 after two periods but when Bob, the Sopper, Lepage got cut for 7 stitches by Pierre "Cut-em-up" Miginer the MAC dream of beating McGill was gone -- for now.

Gerard Benoit seemed to sum up the game rather well when he uttered the profound wisdom of "Tabernaque".

Thank-you Roy for interrupting us while typesetting and providing some cheap humor to to break the long hours of typing.

Norm Carson wishes everyone a Merry Christmas

Stoner



SWAMP MOUTHPIECE



Farmer John was heading home with his wife, from town one day, when his radiator sprung a leak. He stopped at the first farm house, filled the rad, and set a pail of water in the back of the car. A quarter of the way home he stopped and put some water in the rad. He repeated this when he was half way home and three quarters of the way home. Figuring there was enough water in the rad to get home, he chucked the remaining half in the bushes. Well out of the bushes came a man buckling up his pants, cursing and swearing a blue streak. "Now wait a minute," stammered Farmer John. "Watch your language, can't you see there's a lady with me." To which the man replied, "Well, what the hell do you think I've got in the bushes, a DUCK!!!!

DEFINITIONS

Housewife: A married woman in the middle ages

Streaking: A method designed to sparate the boys from the girls.

Words of Wisdom: Only one person gets fat living off love.

Drink of the Week: Dieters Special

2 cans of metrical
12 raw oysters shelled
1 quart of burbon

Mix well in a blender and take three times a day instead of meals. In two weeks time, you'll be the skinniest, sexiest alcoholic in town.

SPECIAL Did you hear about the Swampie farmer who tried to teach a Quebecer how to milk a cow? "UDDER DIS-ASTER".

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